

The Shenandoah Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23 No. 12, Marlinton, W. Va.

\$1.00 a Year

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia Oct. 20, 1904.

Geo. R. Richardson,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VANSICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Practices in Greenbrier and a
joining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public
Academy, W. Va.

Will practice in all the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. McNeil, G. D. McNeil,
McNEIL & McNEIL,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Marlinton, West Virginia.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining
counties. Prompt and careful
attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE
PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of
Greenbrier and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt attention given to all
actions.

T. S. MCNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

A. M. OLIVER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Carpenter & Contractor,
Dunbar, W. Va.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

G. W. DUNCAN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
1st Nat. Bldg. Marlinton, W. Va.
All calls by phone and will
promptly be answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and
Guarantee Company

This company will furnish bonds
of all county, state and municipal
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as
administrators, guardians, etc.;
junction bonds; bank officials,
ments, indemnifying bonds, in
court bonds of all kinds; attorney
contractors bonds, trustees, etc.

CERVICIDE.

A Big Deer Killed on Williams River.

Started to Charleston but Annexed
by Marlinton.

The open season for game began
last Saturday. Every body not
chained to business was out
with a gun. Even that astute
lawyer, W. A. Beaton was seized
with the fever and came in looking
like a bandit. He did not even
have a collar on.

A gun could be rented that day
for a large sum of money, and
the boy who owed one was blessed
beyond all the sons of men.

They marched out of town in
all directions. Some got a pleasant,
each, others a squirrel, or a
ground hog, and one got a bay
bird, who is about two months
late in starting south. The majority
of the hunters got only a
belly full of east wind.

Just as the hunters were returning
from their fruitless search
among the foot hills of the Green-
brier River, there was delivered
at the depot platform the carcass
of a fine buck deer as ever
stamped his foot.

The antlers rose full two feet
above his head and curved together.
The deer had been killed
on Williams River, purchased by
by Jas. W. Warwick, Jr., a merchant
of Edray and was consigned
to Bluestein of Charleston.

The town immediately began
to mumble and a riot very nearly
ensued. Should Bluestein of
Charleston have a deer on the first
day of the season and our own
people be denied. With one ac-
cord we rose up and girded up
our loins and said, "No!" Bluestein
of Charleston, Epstein of
Baltimore and Klopstein of
Cincinnati will look in vain for
venison.

In other words we were going
to have that deer.

The people all said that the
deer had been killed on the 14th
and therefore was contraband and
forfeited to the state and this
they proceeded to verify.

Every hunter and every man
hungry for deer meat gathered
about the body on the platform
and showed by the appearance of
the eye and other infallible signs
that the deer had been dead at
least a week and therefore was the
property of the State, liable to
seizure and to be exposed for sale.

Scientific men of the burg were
called in but these doctors having
been educated in Baltimore and
Cincinnati among the Epstein
and Klopsteins went back on the
Independent State.

They called attention to the
fact that *vigor mortis* had not set
in. Nineteen hours had elapsed
since the open season had com-
menced. The muscles became
rigid from 30 minutes to 36 hours
and that the chances were that
the deer had been killed on the
15th.

The merchant was sent for and
he came down and said he was
perfectly willing to sell the car-
cass to Marlinton—in fact had he
but known that we wanted it—he
would have been only too willing
to dispose of it to his Marlinton
friends.

We thereupon bought the deer
and taking it to the butcher shop
and taking it up in small pieces and
venison appeared on many break-
fast tables Sunday morning, and
this is how we got Mr. Bluestein's
deer.

It about two months from now
if a big buck comes in we will al-
low the foreigners to get it and
eat it if it is not two strong for
them. But in the first of the sea-
son we will satisfy our craving for
deer meat by fair means or foul.

"I See Your Finish!"
Said Mr. Brown to Mr. Jones,
when the latter was painting his
house with Green Seal Liquid
Paint. And for several years he
continued to see Mr. Jones finish
it was that beautiful finish that
stays on after using "Green Seal."
It is on sale now at C. J. Richard-
son.

A Home Beside the Sea.

The East River is not long, but
it is wondrous wide and deep;
more like an arm of the sea. This
stream receives the waters of Long
Island Sound and conveys them to
the Bay, thence to the mighty
Atlantic Ocean. On one side of
East River, the City front presents
a thick forest of ship masts of
all sorts while the waters are
crowded with marine business, a
lively scene it was fifty years
ago, and surely no less now, when
my home lay along the bank on
the Brooklyn side. Pleasant pastime
and a speck of mental improvement
did my childish eye find it, to spell out the steamboat's
names, ploughing midstream up-
wards the Sound, coming down
probably at night, forever going;
and fearful was my fancy as I
thought of that danger always in
the steamboat's way, viz: Hell
Gate. I wondered if it was really
the entrance to those awful in-
ternal regions where the wicked
go.

In '49 or thereabouts, the fine
ship Atlantic was cast by a storm
upon Hell Gate's treacherous
rocks and wrecked with great loss
of human life.

The steamboat bell hung caught
in some way and continued to ring
mournfully long after men and
women had sunk beneath the rag-
ing waters. Mrs. S. Sigourney,
who was the Margaret Gangster
of that day, verified this touching
incident most beautifully.

Allow me to quote a line or
two of the noble poem:

Toll, toll, toll! thou bell, by
lows swing,

And night and day, the strange
sad lone

Repeat with mournful tongue."

All remember that in after
years the dangerous rocks of Hell
Gate were blasted up, so remov-
ing the dread of captains during
terrific gales which the Atlantic
Ocean loves to scatter broad cast
and far. Yet in that Rock's life
time no disaster the least degree
equal to it occurred similar to the
holocaust and wreck of the "Gen.
Slocum," this recent summer in
calm full day time! Man can
foresee to some extent, Science
can work astounding miracles, almost,—yet little things done or
unseen can hurry thousands of
soils to indiscriminate death.

To watch that restless stretch of
river sea was a great delight of
my childhood and could a little
girl become a sailor if it were a joy
to me to serve apprenticeship be-
fore the mast; but chaste would
have been for those tiny lovely
row boats putting off from steps
that were washed by the waves;
pleasure boats with awnings over
them and dancing up and down
on the River's bosom, in danger
of course while avoiding the large
and various sea-craft about. On
moonlit nights, the sweetest musi-
cian often wafted across the tide
from these little boats. If I could
only sail in one and dabble my
hands in the water, how pleasant.

I never did for my careful par-
ents know what was right and
best; how blessed children guided,
guarded and restrained by such.

In my early days, but not now
for very many rolling years, there
was on the Brooklyn side and close
to home, a long sandy beach where
the ocean tide ebbed and flowed
stately, we knew just when,
and here was the play ground
for a host of children. At low
tide we ran over the white sand,
impressing our names there, as
older people seek to leave theirs
upon Life's shifting beach for the
wave of time to utterly obliterate
too often.

Then we young ones would go
far out on the rocks and pull the
sea weed which clung and grew in
clusters, a strange dark green vegeta-
tion of the water that resembles
common leaves, but inflated to the utmost; with the less clus-
ters we would adorn our hair and
arms and fancy ourselves em-
bodied in the great
wide surrounding sea. One day
when play was at the highest,
a whippet seemed to fit around to
favorite ears and at once a look of
eagerness and horror. What was
it? Of course all were most anxious



LOCAL HISTORY NOTES.

The Skirmish on Swago.

In Which Geo. Gay and McMillion
are Killed—A Wartime Ballad.

to know and all did know. How
often then and since as memory
repaints the scene, the wish that
I had not heard the secret or
knowing had not followed, like a
silly sheep, the crowd onward.
Far at the other end of the beach
lay a man drowned unto death.

And such a swollen livid loath-
some sight one need see only once
in a life-time never to forget. In
my dreams at night the scene
haunted me a long, long time,
and even yet in old age it is easy
to conjure up that poor drowned
creature on the sandy beach.

A. L. P.

Results
Colors mixed with white pro-
duce tints. "Green Seal" Paints
produce satisfaction. For sale by
C. J. Richardson.

A Correction.
To the Editor of the Pocahontas
Times:

Having read the announcement
of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Gay
of Edray in your paper, I see
quite a mistake. Mrs. Gay's
grandfather was Eli Bobb Wilson,
a Revolutionary soldier, got a
pension from the Government un-
til his death which occurred in
1843 or '44 at Doe Hill, then
Pendleton County, now Highland
County. I lived there at the time
of his death and was at his burial
at Doe Hill. He was very old
man. He was buried with military
honors led by Col. Benjamin
Hiner. I don't know what his
age was I think he was upwards
of 100 years. I think Wm.
Thompson on Jackson's River a
short distance below Vanderpool,
Highland county has a record of
his and some other old Revolutionary
soldiers of that part of
Virginia, some of them was at the
surrender at York Town of Corn-
wallis.

Eli Bobb Wilson married Miss
Hannah Hentonall of Green-
brier county, the grandmother of
Mrs. Gay and also of my wife,
Ruth Wilson. She was a very
old lady and died some few years
after the death of her husband E.
B. Wilson. The Wilson you name,
Sam'l, Wilson, was a brother of
E. B. Wilson and was killed at
Point Pleasant, he was shot
through his powder horn. At
that time they had flint-lock mus-
kets and rifles and carried their
shot pouches with their ammu-
nition over their shoulders, and he
was the Wilson that was killed at
that battle.

Yours very respectfully,
BENJ. F. JACKSON.

Please Don't Prognosticate!
Don't put off painting until
your house is ready to fall down.
Do it now! "Green Seal" Paint is
ready for you. For sale by C. J.
Richardson.

Winter Storms
Play havoc with the house that
is not protected by Green Seal
Liquid Paint. For sale by C. J.
Richardson.

aim, and while in the act of doing
so, a puff of smoke was seen on
the opposite ridge, and McMillion
fell mortally wounded. He was
carried to the Auldridge home
where he soon died.

George Gay was carried to the
Joe Rodgers house where he died.
Rev. Joshua Buckley took charge
of the remains and had them buried
at the home graveyard near
where the much lamented young
soldier had been born and reared,
two miles above Marlinton. This
graveyard is not very far from the
spot where Baker was slain by an
Indian in 1786, a day or so before
the Bridger boys were killed near
the spot where McMillion breath-
ed out his recklessly brave life,
that day, June 1864.

In what I have seen and heard
of the incidents occurring during
the War between the States, there
is one thing I consider much to
the credit of our Pocahontas citi-
zenship, and that is all apparent
absence of a disposition to wreak
revenge on the part of the present
generation. So far there seems
no feudist quarrels or animosities
traceable to what may have occurred
in wartime incidents.

The people generally seem to have
the good common sense to realize
that for the most part it was a case
where both were right in a meas-
ure and both were mistaken like-
wise, and both equally sincere in
their sense of duty so far as ques-
tions leading up to hostilities are
concerned.

It is my impression that there
is no people better prepared than
our people to be open to the truth
when presented for their mature
and thoughtful consideration. I
hope there may be millions of
people with minds as open and
ready for truth as our people, but
none more so have ever come my
way, and I hope and pray that I
may never have reason to think
or believe anything else about
them as a general characteristic.

Believing that I have this type
of mind to deal with, I feel that I
run no risk of incurring the dis-
pleasure of anyone when I say
that in my studies of history, lo-
cal and general, there is no social
fact more marked or one more
momentous in its consequences
than the essential inequality of
all classes and conditions of men.

Take the constituency of all
the races existing on earth and
how apparent the inequality in
power, capacity and requirements
and the more one thinks along
this line the more marvelous do
all the inequalities appear. Any
social action, based upon the as-
sumption of equality, has proven
to be mischievous.

If I am not grievously mistaken
in what I have seen and heard of
the trend of thought among Pocahontas
people, they have reached
that point in mental and moral de-
velopment as to realize that the
18th century doctrine of essential
equality may be something pernicious
in ethical or moral and
political thought. The 18th century
doctrine of essential equality has
caused misfortune, misdirected
social effort, nourished false
hopes, and has turned some influential
leaders in ethical and political
thought from due consideration
of facts of the utmost impor-
tance.

But this doctrine of essential
equality, as embodied in the Declara-
tion of Independence, means
that all men, whatever their grade
of intelligence or the level of their
social standing, have essentially
equal rights to life, liberty and
the pursuit of happiness. Men of
all races, classes and conditions
are unequal in power, capacity
and requirements, but this accord-
ing to 20th century thought does
not and should not put them in
varying attitudes before the laws
of the land. It is my impression
that among the first to open their
minds to this idea of essential
equality that the humblest indi-
vidual man, no matter of what
race or condition is as much en-
titled to the protection of law in
his person as the scientist, states-
man or the millionaire, will be Pocahontas
people